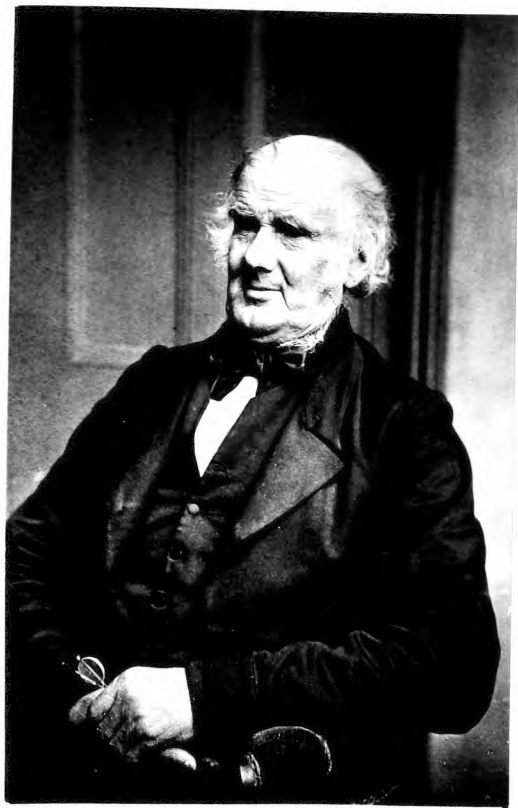


A MEMOIR
OF
WILLIAM SUTCLIFFE, ESQ.,
LATE OF HEMPSTEADS, BACUP.



THE CLOSER WALK :

A MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM SUTCLIFFE, ESQ.

LATE OF HEMPSTEADS, BACUP

BY THE

REV W L. WATKINSON

London :

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,
2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD;
SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1876.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY BEVERIDGE AND CO.
(SUCCESSORS TO R. NEEDHAM),
HOLBORN PRINTING WORKS, FULLWOOD'S RENTS, W.C.

“Whereas in the heathen world there were barely one or two to whom we should venture to apply the epithet “holy,” among Christians, on the other hand, there always have been and are many whose mere presence has shamed the bad, and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God Himself. Such men are the salt of the earth : their mere being saves it from corruption. Their names shine out from the waste and dimness of common society, nobly exceptional, magnificently alone.”—FARRAR, *Fall of Man*, &c., p. 272.

MEMOIR
OF
MR. WILLIAM SUTCLIFFE.

To attempt to rescue from oblivion the memory of noble men is not so much a duty we owe to them, as a duty we owe to ourselves and to posterity. The lives of those remarkable for goodness have to all earnest minds a singular charm, inasmuch as they declare the high possibilities of life, and inspire the sincere with hope and courage. Conscious of multiplied failure in our own history, and marking the depressed level of human character in society at large, we welcome the life-story of eminently devout and honourable men. All that we desire is the assurance that the history we are invited to ponder is a real and not an ideal portraiture. Many readers are impatient of biographies which set forth transcendent goodness: they conclude that the Church has its fiction as well as the world, and that faultless lives and sublime saint-

ship are entirely apocryphal. We must discriminate. A biography that would represent its subject as being naturally and entirely blameless would justly be suspected ; but when perfectness of life is set forth as the result of the faith and love of Christ it forthwith becomes credible. What is ideal, impossible, out of Christ, becomes actual in Him. He who has promised to change these vile bodies, and make them like unto His own glorious body, demonstrates the sufficiency of His power by first transforming our fallen spirits into the similitude of His own moral perfection. The subject of this sketch was a man of uncommon excellence ; but let it be remembered throughout that this excellence is claimed as the reflected lustre of the great Pattern and Perfecter of life, even Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Mr. Sutcliffe's ancestors were devout men. His grandfather, Mr. John Sutcliffe, was a good and holy man, and one of the early Methodists resident in the Vale of Todmorden. His father, too, followed in the same path. This latter gentleman has left a very interesting scrap of the history of those early days. The document is written with great simplicity, and, transcribed here just as it is written, will best serve to throw light on the beginnings of their strength. "I was born April

8th, 1762, in Mankinholes. In 1766 my father removed to Rodwell-end, where he died August 16th of the same year, in the triumph of faith, being only thirty-six years of age, and leaving a widow and five young children to lament their loss. The Methodist preachers came every six weeks, and preached in our house on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings. They often used to take me on their knee, and tell me I must pray, and be a good lad. What they told me left such an impression on my mind that I did begin to pray, and the Lord heard my prayer, and gave me peace. After this, however, I gave up prayer, and was led away with the giddy multitude to do evil—not, however, without very strong convictions that I was doing wrong. I thought I would get married, and then turn to God with full purpose of heart. I was married in the twenty-third year of my age, and then the cares of a family rushed in upon me, and I looked not up to God for His blessing. I was engaged in trade and farming, and although for a time did well, soon a great change took place; trade was very bad, and I was reduced to great straits. This was a time of great trouble to me, and I began again to *say* my prayers, but I did not pray. I have often stood astonished at God's patience with me, for still He strove with me.

About the year 1795 I had stronger convictions, which led me to repent of my past life; but certain grievous backslidings in the Methodist Society led me to think that there was no reality in religion, and I gave up making a profession; still, I believe, I often prayed secretly. About the year 1800, having embarked in the cotton trade, I began to go to Manchester, and on the Monday night often heard the Methodist preaching in Oldham-street Chapel. The word often came home with power, but I thought no one should know that I was turning Methodist. I heard the Independents often, but not often to profit—what they preached was, I thought, so unscriptural, yet hearing them caused me to read my Bible more, and the more I read it the more I was convinced of their errors.* I still continued to hear preaching at Manchester every week, on Monday nights, and one night whilst listening to the Rev. John Pipe, the word came with such power that it led me to cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Still I thought no one should know that I had turned Methodist—I determined to join no society. I went on in this way for

* It will be remembered that at the period to which reference is here made, the Socinian heresy had, in many places, largely corrupted the theology of the Dissenting churches and eaten the life out of their ministry,

a long time ; but some of my neighbours seeing there was a change in my conduct, invited me to meet in class. At length I consented to do so, and I hope I shall bless God to all eternity that I did consent, for before meeting I was so distressed that I was on the point of despair."

Perhaps it may be added here that Mr. John Sutcliffe evidenced the thoroughness of his conversion to God throughout a long and active life. He became one of the most zealous members in connection with the Society at Rodwell-end, was noted for much native shrewdness, force of character, intelligent acquaintance with the Scripture, and a fondness for reading and conversing on theology. His house was "the home" for the preachers, both travelling and local ; and during their visits it was his habit to have faithful conversations with them touching the subjects on which they had held forth. Having acquired a competency he retired from business, and spent the latter years of his life at Horsfall, Todmorden, where he died in Jesus, April 3rd, 1846, aged eighty-four. The son, to his latest years, cherished a deep veneration for such a father, and not seldom expressed his sense of indebtedness for his own early religious impressions, and firm attachment to the cause of God, as well as for those habits of industry, punctuality, and fidelity in

business, which so eminently characterised him, to the example of his father. The subject of our memoir had also a good mother: one, well able to judge, declared her to have been "one of the best women on earth."

Mr. William Sutcliffe, of whose life we now propose to give a sketch, was born at Great House Clough, in the Vale of Todmorden, on July 7th, 1797. We have no record of his younger days, but a memorandum from his own hand shows that in the year 1826 he was being acted upon by the Spirit of God, and not "far from the kingdom."

"Oct. 15th, 1826.

"The morning class-meeting I found to be very good, and I think whilst my leader was talking to us I felt my resolution strengthened, I saw more and more beauty in the things of religion, and I think I find my resolution to be on the Lord's side. Yet I do not feel the guilt of sin of such weight on my mind as I could like, and it is the prayer of my mind and heart that the Lord would give me to see myself as a lost sinner, and show me the way and plan of salvation by Christ Jesus. It is the desire of my heart that I may rest nothing short of knowing my sins forgiven, and my name enrolled in the Lamb's book of life; and I feel resolved, let others do as they please,

that I will seek after the forgiveness of my sins ; and I pray that the Lord, the God of Heaven, would help me, by His Holy Spirit, to pray in fervency of heart, and give me to see myself a sinner, and that without true and unfeigned repentance it is impossible to enter heaven."

Again, under date Dec. 31st, 1826, he writes :—
"Not many at the morning meeting, but the Lord was with us. I felt it good, and my leader prayed for me, mentioning my name in prayer to God."

We see in these brief records of the most momentous period of Mr. Sutcliffe's life, one of the most striking features of his character, viz., his genuineness and thoroughness. He passionately desires to feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin ; to be truly humbled before God ; and to realise a full, clear sense of God's pardoning love. He is troubled lest his penitence should be superficial, and his conversion in any wise unsound or incomplete. In his *Christian Morals*, Sir Thomas Browne writes: "Persons lightly dipt, not grain'd in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness, and faint-hued in integrity. But be thou what thou virtuously art, and let not the ocean wash away thy tincture. Since virtuous superstructions have commonly generous foundations, dive into thy inclinations, and early discover what nature

bids thee to be, or tells thee thou mayest be. They who thus timely descend into themselves, and cultivate the good seeds which nature has set in them, prove not shrubs but cedars in their generation. And to be in the form of the best of the bad, or the worst of the good, will be no satisfaction unto them." Thus we find Mr. Sutcliffe "timely descending into himself;" earnestly occupying himself with the "generous foundations;" severely cultivating the "good seed" which Grace had sown in his heart; and by this profound and heart-searching action becoming "bright-hued in goodness;" a "cedar in his generation;" "grain'd in generous honesty;" and "the ocean" could not "wash away his tincture."

Mr. Sutcliffe appears to have been much impressed with the powerful eloquence of Mr. William Dawson, and it seems that under a sermon preached by this distinguished man in the Doghouse Chapel, Todmorden, Mr. Sutcliffe was brought to a full knowledge of the Saviour.

In 1828, having in the previous year married Mary, a daughter of Mr. James Smith, of Burnley, Mr. Sutcliffe took up his residence at Bacup. Here he lived for forty-five years a life of extraordinary consistency and usefulness. He acquired great influence both in the Church and in society; was profoundly esteemed by the people; was held in

highest estimation in a large business circle ; became widely known and loved in the religious world ; and, when he died, the whole Vale of Rosendale was moved, and his funeral was such an one as is hardly seen in a generation. It cannot be otherwise than interesting to consider such a character, and to ponder over the secret of such a life. And yet Mr. Sutcliffe's character and career are very difficult to delineate. His life was not eventful ; he was the hero in no stirring scenes ; he wrote no great books : the materials for an ordinary biography are altogether wanting ; and the delicate beauty of character which was his chief distinction is very difficult to seize and picture. Mr. Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, justly observes : "However much an historian may desire to extend his researches to the private and domestic virtues of a people, civic virtues are always those which must appear most prominently in his pages. History is concerned only with large bodies of men. The systems of philosophy or religion, which produce splendid results on the great theatre of public life, are fully and easily appreciated, and readers and writers are both liable to give them very undue advantages over those systems which do not favour civic virtues, but exercise their beneficial influence in the more obscure fields of individual self-culture,

domestic morals, or private charity. If valued by the self-sacrifice they imply, or by their effects upon human happiness, these last rank very high, but they scarcely appear in history, and they therefore seldom obtain their due weight in historical comparisons. Christianity has, I think, suffered peculiarly from this cause. Its moral action has always been much more powerful upon individuals than upon societies, and the spheres in which its superiority over other religions is most incontestable, are precisely those which history is least capable of realising" (Vol. ii. p. 156). The truthfulness of this view will be conceded by all. The highest types of character, which Christianity alone produces, are very generally found in the obscure sphere of private and domestic life: the pure, unselfish lives which pre-eminently sweeten, strengthen, and exalt the community at large, are devoid of dramatic and sensational elements, and thus fail to secure that recognition in literature which they so fully merit. And, indeed, as we just observed, it is well-nigh impossible to give to the biographies of these hallowed characters an interest at all corresponding to the charm and value of their actual life and service. Those who knew Mr. Sutcliffe will feel, as they read these pages, that the limner's hand has feebly and coldly reproduced the loved original; but the merest pro-

file of so good a man will attract and inspire all who feel a sincere love of goodness.

Men of all Churches; of all schools; of all sections of society, with entire unanimity bore testimony to the rare excellence of Mr. Sutcliffe's life. Here are a few of such testimonies. "He excelled in every highest quality of excellence, and there are not many—never were—of whom this can be said, even amongst the good and the best, of any Church in Christendom." "Your father's character was manifold in its excellencies." "I have never in my life seen Christianity more perfectly developed, and known no character so completely stainless. My admiration of him was profound, and every interview with him increased it." "The best and wisest men held him in the highest esteem." "He has left behind him one of the brightest and most precious memories which his Church, in our time, could boast." "Few men whom I knew so slightly had made a deeper or more agreeable impression on my mind. He always seemed to be one of those whom one would like to know better, and whom the more one knew the more one would esteem." "A more perfect man it has not been my happiness to meet with." "I have never seen a man who, in his actions, conversation, and entire habits, exhibited such a constant, and, to my mind, perfect pattern of a true Christian. In

his presence I had always a kind of hallowed feeling, a nearness to heaven." "He was a man of uncommon moral symmetry of character. Even amongst professors he was 'goodlier' than most, and, in spiritual stature, 'from the shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people.' He was a great man ; but his greatness was the greatness of humility, meekness, self-denial, large-hearted and open-handed benevolence, of Christian stability, and a loyal, loving allegiance to righteousness. It was the greatness of goodness." "I met him only once, thirty years ago, and the pleasing impression has never been effaced." "I spent a Sabbath at his house two years ago ; I have not forgotten that day, and never can. The bright example of all that was true, and noble, and Christian, which I then beheld in him has influenced me more or less ever since." "His society, for even a short period, was a means of grace." And the venerable Rev. W Tranter writes : "By my long sojourn upon earth, and by my early entering the Methodist ministry, I have had the great privilege and high honour of being personally acquainted with several of the excellent of the earth, Mrs. Fletcher of Madeley, Lady Maxwell of Edinburgh, Dr. Clarke, Mr. Bramwell, and Squire Brackenbury. Our departed friend, in humble, consistent piety stands in his lot with these emi-

nent saints." These testimonies might be largely supplemented; and let it be remembered that these eulogiums are not so many artificial flowers scattered on the bier of the departed by interested or professional sorrow, but the living immortelles of the heart which devout and discriminating mourners felt constrained to lay there in the Saviour's honour.

In noting more specifically the various excellencies of Mr. Sutcliffe's character, it may be affirmed that all who had but the slightest acquaintance with him were impressed by his meek and gentle spirit. Bishop Hall says: "It is not for Christians to be like unto thistles, which a man cannot touch without pricking his fingers; but rather to those plants in our herbal which are soft and silken in the handling." The subject of this memorial would have pleased the quaint Bishop, for he was of a most gracious and gentle disposition. Nothing sour, austere, or haughty marked his behaviour or conversation. His greatness was undisputed, and deference was paid to him on every hand, and yet his spirit was as the spirit of a little child. His was "the wisdom that is from above, pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated." And this sweet and affectionate air was habitual with him. As one of the people said on the day of his funeral, using a figure appro-

priate to the county, "he was an evenly spun thread." The fact is that this perennial softness and grace of life, which is so surprising in this rough and stormy world, was no studied, conventional etiquette ; if it had been nothing more than this it must often have been marred amid the excitements and provocations of life ; but it was the silence of the mind, the serenity of the heart, the outshining of a spirit full of humility and love. The secret of Mr. Sutcliffe's uniform gentleness and quietness of life is expressed by the Psalmist : "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty : neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother : my soul is even as a weaned child" (cxxxix. 1, 2).

"The law of kindness" was the law of his life. "No day without one act of love" was the maxim of the benevolent Lavater ; and it may confidently be asserted that Mr. Sutcliffe's days were full of acts of love. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate,—in a word, all who had, in any way, fair claims on his compassion,—found in him a sincere and generous benefactor. He might most truly have appropriated the language of Job : "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me ; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness unto me : Because I deli-

vered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out" (xxix. 11—16).

His liberality was great. Into the Church of Christ he brought his first and best. Whilst lending a large and systematic support to the Foreign Mission, he consistently supported the work of God in his own district by princely contributions. His thoughtful kindness and warm hospitality have embalmed him in the affections of successive generations of ministers. One of his last acts on his death-bed was to direct his son to make a remittance on behalf of the afflicted daughter of a deceased minister. Whilst Mr. Sutcliffe was intensely devoted to his own Church his Christian charity was broad and practical, and all sections of the Church of Christ were helped by him in turn. The spirit of the Master was in him; he seemed scarcely to have a thought about himself, but ever to be thinking of others' good. As one writes of him: "I scarcely ever met with a more perfect living embodiment of self-abnegation."

Mr. Sutcliffe's humility and unobtrusiveness were remarkable. The planets nearest the sun are the less frequently visible ; and men who live much with God care the less to be seen of men. Although continually pressed to be present at large Connexional meetings, he modestly declined, and "dwelt among his own people." Even when asked to take the chair at a missionary meeting, in a small country place, he long declined to do so on the ground that "he was not worthy of such an office." And there was not the shadow of affectation in all this, it was sincere and unfeigned humility of mind. Our friend was content, nay, far more than content, to live in the eye of God alone, and if he were so widely known and admired, it was simply because such men cannot be hid.

It pleased God to prosper Mr. Sutcliffe in business ; from comparatively small beginnings he became a wealthy man ; yet he retained all his humility of spirit and simplicity of life. Our age is crazy for show. How few dare to renounce pretension, and fall back on the simple enjoyments of a quiet life ! There is no end to the apeing of splendour, and the mimicry of the great ; and the feverish desire for social recognition, consuming all classes, is fraught with untold mischief. Milburn, speaking of the steam-boat racing on the

American rivers, says, "If another boat heave in sight, you find yourself becoming anxious that she shall not pass you. If she gain upon your craft, all your fears about the danger of racing are laid aside; and with your fellow-passengers, male and female, you are urging the captain to do his best. You run first to the deck to incite the firemen, and then to the hurricane deck to note the speed. The interest deepens, the first shot is fired, the battle has opened, and men and even women are no longer cowards. Every sense is strained. Side by side the boats go thundering along, and so completely has the thought of victory taken possession of you, that you would almost as soon be blown up as beaten." A similar infatuation to this possesses thousands in society in the present age. Families struggle to outstrip each other in the race of ostentation; and rather than be beaten, they will run the direst risks, and frequently involve themselves in utter ruin. Mr. Sutcliffe was altogether free from this folly. Whilst living as a gentleman he abhorred all garishness, and it was quite refreshing to behold such a home as his. As Mrs. Browning sings:—

"Our true noblemen will often through right nobleness
grow humble,
And assert an inward honour by denying outward show."

A minister who knew the departed well, writes

thus to Mr. James S. Sutcliffe: "How many royal excellencies were manifest in your father's character! And what a charming simplicity in all his habits! When wealth of gold was amply at his disposal, he was as plain, lowly, and frugal in his tastes and life as if he were a thrifty and thoughtful artisan. In these days it is an inexpressible joy to be able to point to such a Methodist Cincinnatus as your glorious father, and say, "Behold a man whom wealth could neither command nor spoil."

Mr. Sutcliffe was an eminently happy man; his whole body, soul, and spirit were lighted up with joy. His was not an ecclesiastical pietism, cold, constrained, and gloomy; but a fine natural disposition, heightened and purified by grace. His face was sunny, his conversation brightened with gleams of chastened humour; and it was impossible to spend an hour with him without feeling that he was one of the happiest men alive. We hear much in these times of "culture," and frequently find this "culture" placed in antithesis to religion; Mr. Sutcliffe must have delighted all the disciples of "sweetness and light," and yet his holiness was the source of his gracefulness. Without any artificial politeness, or literary polish, he manifested so much loveliness of spirit, so much delicacy and courtliness of manner, that all instinctively recognised in him a man of true taste.

Says one, "I do not remember a word, or a spirit, or even a manner opposed to my highest conception of Christian gentlemanliness." And another friend adds, "Whenever I think of him he rises in my mind as the true ideal of a Christian gentleman. Nature and grace combined to give him all the characteristics of a true gentleman, the essence of which in him consisted in the absence of the selfish, and the power of the unselfish affections." Yes ; nature and grace combined to give to our revered friend the characteristics of a true gentleman. We sometimes find the natural constitution sweet and obliging, and when grace adds its finishing touch to these native qualities, the effect is peculiarly attractive, like paintings on velvet. This was true of Mr. Sutcliffe ; yet it remains true likewise, that let our original spirit and address be what they may, if we had more of that religion, the essence of which is love, we should lose those roughnesses which often cause our good to be evil spoken of, and develop that winsomeness of manner which goes so far to save the souls of men. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity ; but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things ;

endureth all things." This passage, giving the truest picture of a gentleman, a Manchester merchant pointed out as descriptive of Mr. Sutcliffe, and verily our apostles of "culture" can have no loftier ideal than this !

Much has been said respecting the gentleness, kindness, and modesty of Mr. Sutcliffe, but it would be a great mistake for any reader to infer that he was lacking in force of character. Science tells us that the dewdrop which trembles on the flower holds locked in its transparent cells an amount of electric fire equal to that which is discharged during a storm from a thunder-cloud ; and the mildness and delicacy which distinguished Mr. Sutcliffe was based on exceptional strength of character. His gentleness was restrained power, and this was the secret of its fascination. Thus various friends wrote of him : "What a noble independence there was in him ! He quietly and firmly did what he thought he ought to do, yielding not for a moment to the pressure of the opinions of others." "His wonderful meekness, all the more wonderful because he could be angry ; swiftly, smartly angry. It was not the meekness of a tame, passionless creature, but the polished meekness of a man who could be a man of wrath." "So tender, and yet so courageous for the right." "He was a man of distinct and powerful charac-

ter." "His individuality was remarkable." F W Robertson admirably describes this union of strength and tenderness, and demonstrates the validity and grandeur of the passive virtues: "Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake: we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is the very highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. He who, with strong passions, remained chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual

heroes." Mr. Sutcliffe was such a man of power. Sensitive, independent, "with manly powers of indignation in him," his manner was of the quietest, his voice melodious, his language affectionate and persuasive. His serenity bespoke the equilibrium of strong feeling, and a strong will. "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood," but the severest battles are fought out in the silence of the soul, and of these struggles which decide character and destiny there are no "special correspondents." So those who knew Mr. Sutcliffe in the ripeness of his age felt that there must have been a period in his life when he laid a strong hand upon himself, and when through severe conflicts he acquired the mastery over a quick temper and strong passions. But that mastery was complete, and the harmonised life which followed was almost unique. Science finds iron in the sun, and flint in flowers, and yet these stern elements are forgotten when we feel the soft lustre of the light, or gaze on the delicate hue of the blossom; so the basis of Mr. Sutcliffe's character was inflexible principle and powerful passion, yet were these so happily attempered that the spectators thought not of them as they rejoiced in the sweetness and loveliness of his life. As in the temple of Solomon lilies were worked on the pillars, so, in Christ, strength of character

passes into beauty, and beauty ever rests on strength.

Mr. Sutcliffe's business life fully illustrated his love of truth and righteousness. The starting point of his prosperity was an act of honesty. Mr. Sutcliffe's father, being a farmer as well as being engaged in trade, the son, when in his teens, was sent with the horse and cart for flour to a Mr. Thompson's mill. Discovering, as he was returning home, that Mr. Thompson had given him ten shillings too much in change, he drove back at once to rectify the mistake. This circumstance caused him to be closely watched by Mr. Thompson, and led to an engagement honourable to both parties. In 1828 he was entrusted with the management of the Bacup branch of Mr. Thompson's business, and was soon after taken into partnership with the firm. This partnership was dissolved in the year 1852, when Mr. Sutcliffe became the sole owner of the Bacup and Rawtenstall establishments. Throughout this long commercial career the "successful merchant" walked blamelessly. One who had formerly been a clerk in his office writes: "I feel thankful that I ever had the privilege of working for such a master. Never shall I forget the lessons that I received from him during the eleven years I was in his service: not lessons given in so many words, but the example

of a holy and consistent life. During that time I had frequent opportunities of watching him narrowly in his dealings with others, and I never, in any instance, saw him do anything of which it might be said, 'That is not right.' His constant aim seemed to be to 'do unto others as he would that they should do unto him.'" From a somewhat different point of view a Liverpool merchant writes: "I had been acquainted with him for forty-five years, and can with truth assure you that among my many business friends there was none for whom I entertained greater esteem than for Mr. Sutcliffe, and similar feelings were shared in by a very large circle of friends." Isaac Hoyle, Esq., of Manchester, adds: "There never were two men more attached to each other than my father and Mr. Sutcliffe, in a friendship extending over a period of forty years. Never shall I forget the scene when Mr. Sutcliffe bade farewell to my father shortly before his death. The sorrow at parting with each other was only alleviated by the prospect of again meeting beyond the river. As a man of business, Mr. Sutcliffe was honourable and upright in all his dealings. I have always understood from his competitors that it was most difficult to break into his customers. 'No,' they would reply, 'as long as Mr. Sutcliffe lives we will buy from him, for we can trust him.'" All who

knew Mr. Sutcliffe would agree that his name in the world of trade was a synonym for honour and uprightness. He took advantage of no man's ignorance, carelessness, or necessity. And, far beyond this, he would frequently counsel his customers for their interest, although such counsel was to his own immediate disadvantage. We say 'immediate disadvantage,' for, in the end, his equity and generosity were to his advantage in securing for him a wide circle of attached customers. Mr. Sutcliffe's business career, originating in small beginnings, conducted on the higher law, and resulting in opulence, is another example of the possibility of attaining commercial success within the conditions of the strictest virtue. Swimmers in foreign waters, to protect themselves from the attacks of crocodiles smear themselves with crocodile's grease: and some honestly disposed tradesmen are inclined to think that the best way to protect themselves against the roguery of the age is by a partial adoption of the rogue's character. This is a great error. The merchant is safe and strong in his integrity, and a thousand examples prove that a high sense of honour is a path leading to fortune. Mr. Sutcliffe is worthy to take rank with Thornton, Budgett, Powell, or any of the "merchant princes" of whom the Christian Church can boast. He was a *Christian* mer-

chant, for his whole mercantile life was penetrated by his spirituality. The venerable Rev. William Tranter says: "When his new mill was completed he applied to me to consecrate it to God by having a religious service in it before any worldly business was done. Of course I sympathised with the feelings, and met the views of my friend. By prayer, singing, and preaching I consecrated the place most *bishoply*. The service, which was on the week-day, brought a large company of people together, who joined heartily in the proceedings. The text was, 'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.'" Mr. Sutcliffe was wont to lock the door of the counting-house on the Saturday afternoon when the mill was stopped and the clerks had left, that he might engage in communion with God. And it was his custom, when attending the Manchester Corn Exchange, before the market began, to retire to some quiet spot and pour out his heart to God. Mrs. Dugdale, his daughter, has often heard him say, on returning from his journeys, "God has been revealing Himself to me in a wonderful way and manner." In the prophecy of the Messiah gold and prayer are immediately associated: "To him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually" (Ps. lxxii. 15). Sanctified by the grace of Messiah, and in the

spirit of prayer, Mr. Sutcliffe made his money, used it, and gave it.

Before we dismiss the business aspect of Mr. Sutcliffe's life it is imperative that we observe how the Christian law of service was brought out by him in the prosecution of business. A modern writer justly observes: "A man's business ought to be such that the whole action of his life in its prosecution should be doing good. The law of Christian benevolence is ordinarily treated as if it were applicable only to the use of the gains of business. But, if so, then we do good only occasionally and with deliberate purpose; the only scope for Christian beneficence is outside of the business, while within it all is necessarily worldly and selfish; and it is only so far as one can give away something that he can be benevolent. But a man's business is the main work of his life. When his life ends, the great bulk of what he has done for God and man is what he has done *in* his business, not what he has done outside it. If that business in its prosecution affords no scope for Christian largeness of heart, if it is essentially a mephitic swamp in which every breath inhales miasma, we may well cry in despair: 'Who then can be saved?'"

"Business must itself be such that every stroke in its prosecution shall be a Christian service to man—

so much business done, so much service to humanity rendered. Business, therefore, should be chosen and prosecuted reverently and in Christian consecration ; for it is the life-work. If chosen and prosecuted only for gain, it is chosen and prosecuted in covetousness, and not in Christian love. And yet the common opinion is, that business is to be chosen and prosecuted only to make money. Even good men think that Christian benevolence is to be exercised only in the giving of their gains, not in the prosecution of their business. This is a misconception. Every legitimate business is in its very prosecution a service to humanity, and ought to be chosen and prosecuted in Christian love for the purpose of rendering the service, not in covetousness for the purpose of gain. The law of service is not fulfilled merely by consecrating to benevolence a part, however large, of the income. The business itself, and its whole income are consecrated. Christianity teaches stewardship; we are not our own, but bought with a price ; we are stewards of the manifold grace of God. In every action, investment, and expenditure, we are to determine how we can best use the powers and possessions which God has entrusted to us for the establishment of His kingdom on earth." Few men have more fully grasped this ideal than Mr. Sutcliffe. He remembered that he was the servant of God,

and prosecuted his business in the spirit of Christian love ; ever aiming, in a thousand nameless ways, to render service to his generation. There was a perfect identity between his piety and his secular relationships and activities ; his divine life was his daily life. An able capitalist, he was, at the same time and in the same sphere, a Christian, and a Christian philanthropist ; in *business* you felt that he lived for God and man. "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD ; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts" (Zec. xiv. 20, 21). Writing to his son, Mr. Sutcliffe says :— "Let us expect God's blessing upon our labours, both in the Church and in the world ; and we should always keep this uppermost in our thoughts, for it is the blessing of the Lord that makes our endeavours to prosper. *What we should always strive after is to live to do good, and to help on the work of the Lord, in all things to preserve a pure motive, doing nothing for the applause of men.*" This is a glimpse into his heart ; and, both in business and out of it, he lived to "do good and help on the work of the Lord."

Mr. Sutcliffe's home-life was exceedingly happy and beautiful. We have already seen how he con-

secrated his mill, and indeed his whole business life by prayer ; and in the same spirit of devotion he laid the foundation-stones of his household. When, in 1827, he went to solicit the consent of Mr. Smith to his alliance with his daughter, while on the way to Burnley, he dismounted from his horse, and retiring into an adjoining field, poured out his soul in prayer to God, that if it were His will that such a union should be ratified, He would open the way ; but if it were best otherwise that the door of Burnley might be closed against him. The smile of Heaven rested upon the union. When the last hours came, as his wife was adjusting his pillow, he gazed upon her most affectionately, and said : " Bless you, we have lived a long time together ;" adding, with a bright smile, " and we have had no cross words." " The peace of God," ruled in his heart and in his house. Punctual, systematic, severely conscientious, a strict disciplinarian, punctual in all his various duties as any soldier could be, yet all around him were at ease. His kindness of spirit made all about him happy, and everything seemed to move smoothly. One gentleman may be accepted as expressing the opinion of all whose pleasure it has been to find a welcome at the " Hempsteads : " " Never had a wife to mourn over a more indulgent husband, and never had a son or daughter to mourn over a better father."

Those who ministered to him felt it a privilege to do so: and guests quitted his house grateful for having come under so many fine influences.

On Mr. Sutcliffe's path for many years rested the sunshine of health and prosperity; but the days of eclipse and sorrow came, and he was called upon to restore dear children to the Lord. In the year 1858 death suddenly snatched away his youngest son at the age of twenty; and three years after, after a lingering illness, his eldest son passed away, aged twenty-nine. In true patriarchal humility, and submission of spirit, he exclaimed with David: "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (2 Sam. xii. 22, 23). His tender, loving heart was bruised, but the words of the poet expressed his chastened feeling:—

" Why should I repine,
That Jesus in His bosom wears
A flower that once was mine?"

It remains that we record, a little more fully, Mr. Sutcliffe's association with the Church of God. This was the secret of his strength: out of Zion shone the beauty which so many admired. When he came to Bacup, in 1828, he joined himself to

the Wesleyan Society, at Mount Pleasant, and continued in association with that society until the period of his death. We have seen in the first page of the memorial how Mr. Sutcliffe experienced the saving grace of God, and throughout his long life he continued an eminently devout and spiritual man. He was a great lover of the Bible. He knew the Scriptures well, and hid their grand truths in his heart. Accepting with meekness the word which is able to save our souls, he was impatient with people who were "wise above what is written." It was a spectacle not to be forgotten to see his patriarchal form bowed over the sacred book at family worship, and to hear his tender voice, like mellow music, reading out the truths of God. With the Scriptures his spiritual life was constantly refreshed, and his moral power daily renewed. His glorious and useful life is another tribute to the Divine power of revelation. We are told of the magician's book which turned whatever it touched into gold ; let all who have admired the peerless character and life of Mr. Sutcliffe, remember that these transfigurations were the immediate and unquestionable effect of the applied doctrine of that book of Heaven, which so many in these days affect to despise. Our friend was also a man of prayer. "He was a devout man, and held habitual inter-

course with God, praying earnestly over his daily secular duties and interests, as well as his spiritual." Like Daniel, three times a day did he enter into his closet and pour out his soul to God. He "continued instant in prayer." It was his daily habit, never departed from, before leaving the house for the mill or other business, after each meal, to retire to his private room for a few moments' prayer, thus afresh seeking God's blessing on all that he did, and asking guidance in everything.

If there is truth in God's Word, no wonder such a man was blessed ! His was the simple and sublime faith, that the God and Father of us all hears and answers prayer ; and he could not, at the bidding of a materialistic philosophy, believe that the arm of the Lord is in any wise shortened. The experience of a lifetime forbade such scepticism. Mr. Sutcliffe's business engagements called him a great deal from home, and long, lonely night journeys exposed him to many perils ; but, placing himself in the hands of God he moved with a charmed life. When returning at midnight from one of his engagements a professedly crippled woman craved his pity by soliciting a ride in his gig. It was well known that on the night in question Mr. Sutcliffe always had a large sum of money with him, and there can be little

doubt but the crippled woman was a false character assumed for the purpose of violence and robbery. Unsuspecting any mischief, Mr. Sutcliffe stopped his horse, whilst he made a call at the house of a customer, giving the woman the reins to hold. Returning to the street he found that the gig and the woman had vanished. The vehicle was found quite safe at a little distance, but the "cripple" was no more seen. Mr. Sutcliffe now saw that the whole thing was a plot to rob him; the pretended cripple, however, thinking that the horse had been stopped to secure protection, decamped, and the scheme was frustrated. At another time, riding through the same lonely glen, a huge fragment of rock fell immediately after he had passed; had it fallen a moment sooner it must inevitably have crushed him to death. And he narrowly escaped on other occasions violence and death. The poet, in the spirit of scepticism may ask:

"When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if thou go by?"

But Mr. Sutcliffe continually saw the hand of God guiding and sheltering him, and he rejoiced to live in daily dependence upon heaven. One night, three years prior to his death, a fire broke out in a mill adjoining his corn-mill, and soon the windows of the corn-mill were a-blaze. Aroused

from sleep, Mr. Sutcliffe bade his men do their best to save the property ; and then, falling upon his knees, he told his Father in heaven that all his possessions were in His hands, and that he now desired to leave all to His control. Just at the moment when it seemed impossible to save the corn-mill, the wind suddenly veered, and blew the flames in a contrary direction. After prayer Mr. Sutcliffe stated that a sweet peace filled his soul, and hearing that all was safe he sank into a tranquil sleep until the morning. It was this uninterrupted intercourse with God that gave to our friend his wonderful habitual serenity of soul. One of our poets, speaking of a splendid genius, uses lines which, slightly altered, describe the calmness and loftiness of mind which belonged to Mr. Sutcliffe :

“ On the loftiest top
Of Life’s dread mount he sat ; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had labour’d up ;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He look’d, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.”

Whenever Mr. Sutcliffe came into society, he came down directly from higher regions of meditation and communion ; and thus he never appeared worn or fretted, but upon him ever rested the repose and light of the skies.

Mr. Sutcliffe dearly prized the preaching of the

Word. Never was there a more devout and prayerful hearer of the Gospel than he. His face was full of inspiration to the preacher, and, the service concluded, he was generally found waiting to offer the minister the hospitalities of his home.

Having been richly blessed by God, Mr. Sutcliffe sought to become a blessing. In 1832 the Rev Luke Barlow appointed him a class-leader, and the functions of this office he fulfilled with a constancy, faithfulness, and fervour which knew no diminution. He clung to the active leadership of his class until in age and feebleness extreme he was compelled to relinquish it a few weeks before his death. For forty years our dear friend was superintendent in the Girls' Sunday-school, and took a most hearty and affectionate interest in the welfare of the young people. He only retired from the active duties of the superintendentship about two years before his death, when he found it imperative to seek rest. His name was continued on the school register as honorary superintendent to the last. One of the joys which gladdened his heart during his last illness was the gathering of the scholars one summer afternoon in his garden, where they sang several pleasing hymns. On this occasion his heart warmed towards the young people, and though in much pain and advised by the medical man to maintain one position, nothing

would satisfy him but being moved, so as to enable him to take one more look at those whom he much yearned over in Christ. That was his last glance at the Mount Pleasant Sunday-school teachers and scholars. Mr. Sutcliffe gave many wise counsels from the desk of the Sabbath-school ; but, we may here be allowed to ask, Was not his own life a most eloquent appeal to all young people to enter the service of God ? They may see what a grand man religion made of him, and what a grand thing it made of his life. Through honesty, purity, and the fear of the Lord, he realised all that any true and noble ambition can propose. Mr. Sutcliffe's life was ever growing more rich, and honourable, and satisfying to the end, and those who knew him in old age felt that his joy was full and fresh. The poet has said :

“ The heart of age is like an emptied wine-cup ; ”

and we are surrounded by men to whom life has lost its charm before they have lived out half their days. This was not so with our friend. He lived above the merely animal and secular, avoided the fast and feverish, and the “ heart of age ” in him was a cup that ran over, and the best wine ran last. And this life, ever growing in inward peace and outward honour, was crowned by a triumphant end. Let the thousands of young men and women

who knew and admired Mr. Sutcliffe ask themselves if they can do better than follow in his footprints!

Mr. Sutcliffe was a trustee for each chapel in the Bacup Circuit, and in that position was most painstaking and faithful. He thoroughly understood the financial situation, and gave liberally both time and substance, to the several trusts with which he was connected. Anxious that the country friends should not be discouraged, he contrived to be present with them on all special occasions, if it were possible. For forty years Mr. Sutcliffe filled the office of Circuit-steward. In this position, which he occupied for such an unprecedentedly long period, he enjoyed the full confidence of the Circuit and the sincere love of the ministers. In the quarterly meeting he would explain the responsibilities of the Circuit, rejoice in signs of success, and faithfully and earnestly seek to animate the brethren if the finances were deficient, or the cause in any way declining. Homer, in describing the eloquence of Nestor, compares it to a fall of snow, which is soft and gentle, yet insinuating and penetrating: such was the eloquence of our friend, and its influence was often felt to be most gracious in these meetings. When brethren differed in their views, and the tone of the meeting became angry and censorious, a few wise and gentle words from

the patriarch of the Circuit would banish strife and restore good feeling :

“ Seas are the field of combat for the winds :
But when they sweep along some flow’ry coast,
Their wings move mildly and their rage is lost.”

And we may record here Mr. Sutcliffe’s devoted friendship to the local preachers. It was his habit to hear them every Sunday afternoon, and they usually after the service accompanied him home and shared his generous hospitality. After tea it was his invariable custom to have family worship conducted by the local brother : the lay preachers deeply appreciated his kindness, and amongst the thousands who followed Mr. Sutcliffe’s remains to the grave, none mourned the great loss more sincerely than they.

Mr. Sutcliffe’s identification with the Church of God was complete ; he wrought in all its spheres of service, rejoiced in all its triumphs, and mourned in all its sorrows. His Sabbaths were filled with work and worship, and his active service told at a thousand points for good. The prosperity of religion was with him a constant subject of solicitude. His son-in-law, Adam Dugdale, Esq., says : “ I shall never forget his anxious inquiries respecting the work of God in our (Burnley) Circuit, and how delighted he was to hear of any good being done. Often whilst I was speaking of the revival of God’s

work, of the conversion of sinners, tears of joy would run down his face, and he would exclaim, "Glory! glory!" And this zeal, at white heat, continued to the end. Only a fortnight before his death he had a meeting in his house of ministers and office-bearers to consider the various interests of the Church, and none who were privileged to be present on that occasion can ever forget the enthusiasm of the dying man. He seemed to remember everything, to provide for everything. Mr. Sutcliffe had a singularly noble body and countenance; but on this occasion the ruling passion was strong, and his features, flushed by strong feeling, were truly handsome. His face was, to use the words of Jean Paul, "a love-letter to all mankind;" pain and weariness were forgotten; he was absorbed by the theme; and when, after two hours' earnest conversation touching the Church of God, his men came to carry him to bed, it was felt by all present that the lines of the poet had been fulfilled in him as they are in few:

"Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete."

May we be permitted to ask here, Can men of wealth and influence devote their life to any

grander end than that proposed by such men as Mr. Sutcliffe? Many of these live for the mere show and glitter of a fashionable life, for ends utterly worthless and contemptible; and many more are devoted to pursuits which, however relatively superior, can leave no bright and lasting mark on society. On the Continent are persons who are clever at painting on cobwebs; specimens of their work may be found in most of the museums of South Germany. These artists are said to display great dexterity in the management of their strange canvas, and to work wonders on the fragile surface. It seems a matter of regret that any artist of merit should work on such a vanishing canvas; and yet, if we look around, do we not see opulent and gifted men laboriously working on the mere surface of society, all the results of their action doomed to speedy obliteration and forgetfulness? All work outside the moral sphere is a painting on gossamer: "The fashion of this world passeth away." Far wiser and nobler in their generation are men like our departed friend. Living to serve the world, and to promote its highest good, they are rich in inward joy; they turn perishable wealth into spiritual treasure; the people crown them with blessings; and, in dying, they have the sublime satisfaction to know that their work is immortal,

and that it is accepted and recompensed of Heaven. Surely no life is so grand and satisfactory as one devoted to social and spiritual philanthropy !

In the beginning of the year 1873 Mr. Sutcliffe's health began to decline, and towards the close of September the doctor informed the family that its venerated head could not live much longer. During this somewhat protracted illness the mind of our dear friend was kept in perfect peace. During sleepless nights he was visited with blessed manifestations of the Divine presence. Referring to one of these visitations he said to his beloved niece, 'Such a feeling of peace and joy came over me as it is impossible to express. It seemed as if Jesus was close beside me. I seemed to see Him smile ; all doubt and fear were gone, and I could do nothing but exclaim, Glory ! glory ! He has made me happy many times, but I never felt anything equal to that.' With tears running down his cheeks he continued, 'I wonder how I could ever, for one moment, give way to doubt when God has been so good to me all my life long. This happiness is something the world is a stranger to, and, with energy, he added :

" If all the world my Saviour knew,
Then all the world would love Him too."

Though he was now closing a long career of

robust activity in much suffering and weakness, not a syllable of impatience escaped his lips ; but, on the contrary, to use the language of his son-in-law, Mr. Dugdale, "his face beamed with gratitude to God, and his utterances were all of the goodness, mercy, and love of God." To his brother-in-law, he exclaimed, "I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth." His joy often led him to exclaim, and he was not usually demonstrative, "Praise the Lord!" "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" In answer to his sister, who asked him if he were happy, he replied, 'Yes; I hang upon the Atonement—

" This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."'

To Dr. Wood, of Southport, he observed, 'I am very weak, but I am thankful I retain consciousness. Christ is my Saviour.' Allusion being made to the faithfulness with which he had served God in the Church, he responded, 'I have always tried to do all that was in my power; but I do not rest in this; it is all nothing; my hope is in the Atonement.' On Thursday, October 2, he was so prostrate that a solemn quiet was observed. When the Rev. J. D. Tetley quoted the couplet:—

“ The promised land, from Pisgah’s top,
I now exult to see,”

He replied aloud, ‘ Yes, praise God !

“ ‘ My hope is full (O, glorious hope !)
Of immortality.” ’

In the afternoon he was completely prostrated by weakness, and when the surgeon asked, ‘ How do you feel, sir ? ’ not knowing that it was the doctor inquiring about his bodily health ; but catching the old church inquiry, he drew forth his right hand, and placing it upon his heart, exclaimed, with aroused vigour, ‘ I am happy ; I have Christ here ; I feel Him in my heart.’ The following day, though unable to articulate his words, he was quite conscious. A few hours before his death, seeing his old and faithful nurse, Maria, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips, in token of his appreciation of her unremitting dutifulness and attention to him. On the morning of Saturday Dr. Wood commended him to God in prayer, and soon after, at thirty-five minutes past eight o’clock, in the presence of his devoted son, and his daughter, Mrs. Dugdale, “ this friend of all and enemy of none,” fell asleep in Jesus. As—

“ An apple waxing over-mellow,
Drops in some autumn night,”

so was Mr. Sutcliffe ripe for the garner ; and one who knew well his "meetness" for the higher realm, upon receiving the intelligence of his death, wrote most appositely, "I felt as if I should wrong his pure spirit if I did not give thanks on his behalf as soon as I heard that he had joined the company of the glorified above." The funeral took place on the following Thursday, October 9th, and it is no exaggeration to say that the whole valley of Rossendale mourned. The Lancashire people are a people not easily moved, but on that day mills were stopped, shops were closed, and a large proportion of the population of the town and neighbourhood crowded the streets through which Mr. Sutcliffe's remains were carried to the grave.

Mr. Sutcliffe rests in the family vault in the Wesleyan Methodist cemetery, adjoining the Mount Pleasant Chapel, and near him rest likewise many of his "old companions,"—men and women, who, with himself, nobly served their generation.

On Sunday evening, November 9th, 1873, the Rev. J. T. Tetley improved the death of Mr. Sutcliffe in the sanctuary with which his name is for ever associated. The preacher discoursed from Job v. 26, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season ;" and the vast congregation had a

truly worthy life proposed for their imitation. A beautiful tablet has been erected in the same sanctuary to his memory with this inscription :—

In loving memory of
WILLIAM SUTCLIFFE,
 Born at Great House Clough, near Todmorden,
 July 7, 1797;
 Died at Hempsteads, Bacup,
 October 4, 1873.
 Converted to God in early life
 He was until its close, "righteous before Him,
 Walking in all His commandments and ordinances blame-
 less ;"
 and, in triumphant reliance on the atonement of Christ,
 he entered into rest.
 For nearly half a century, he was
 intimately connected with the progress of Methodism
 in the Forest of Rossendale ;
 and, during forty years, he held the office of Trustee,
 Leader, Sunday-school Superintendent, and Circuit Steward
 in the Bacup Circuit.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—
 ROM. XII. 12.

"An example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in
 spirit, in faith, in purity."—1 TIM. IV. 12.

Mr. Sutcliffe's life ought to excite us to attain to higher heights of life. It has been truly said,
 "We must be moved to conquer excellence, not

to kneel to it;" and it is to that end these memorials have been written. What these noble men were we also may become:—

“ We, like them, may live and love,
Call'd we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath.
Partners of like precious faith.”

“ I confess that the glory of Rubens awakens my audacity,” was the exclamation of Antoine Wiertz, the painter of Antwerp ; and as we admire the glory of Christ's most distinguished disciples, let us dare to emulate them, and, in the grace of Christ we too shall make our lives loving and useful, and therefore sublime.

“ Where saints in hallow'd friendship meet,
And praise their King day without end,
And stand in holiness complete,
There lives our father and our friend !

“ Among the white-rob'd multitude
By faith we see him take his place,
His soul knows no disquietude,
Saved to the uttermost, through grace.

“ He is not *dead* for whom we weep,
He has but sooner reached the shore
Where all who now in Jesus sleep
Find perfect rest—life's trials o'er.

- “ He leads the way—we follow on—
 A moment—and *our* griefs shall cease ;
 We are but entering, one by one,
 Into the realm of endless peace.
- “ Yet must we mourn, though well we know
 ‘ Our loss is his eternal gain ; ’
 Our guide and helper here below
 Is gone, and we bereft remain.
- “ His path on earth like shining light
 In still increasing brightness grew,
 (So shines the sun to noon-day height)
 Till he was lost to mortal view.
- “ That holy walk—that look serene,
 Traced on our hearts we long shall bear ;
 God make our life what his has been,
 And grant us grace to meet him *there !* ”

E. A. W * * *.

